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Select Poetry.

HARRY GROVE. BY M. M. MOORE. I never once looked at Harry, But I heard his wife in the parlour...

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But the fire of it, there is something threatening in the sky, and the earth seems to know it.

"But the room! the room!" said Leonard, drawing her aside from the window.

"Yes, that is the first thing. Try if you can compare it with any room that I was familiar with before I lost my sight."

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door that was farthest from the window. "Suppose there should be some dreadful sight behind it," she said, trembling a little, as she stretched out her hand towards the key.

"Try to suppose (what is much more probable) that it only leads into another room," suggested Leonard.

"The door opened, and she stepped forward, suddenly her husband was right. It merely led to the next room."

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While saying these words, she took her husband's hand to lead him back to his seat. As they passed before the fire-place, he stepped upon the bare stone hearth, and feeling some new substance under his feet, instinctively stretched out his hand that was free. It touched a marble tablet, with figures on it in basso relievo which had been let into the middle of the chimney-piece.

"What a piece of sculpture!" said Rosamond. "It did not notice it before. It is not very large, but not particularly attractive, according to my taste. So far as I can tell, it seems to be intended to represent—"

"Leonard stopped her before she could say any more. 'Let me try, for once, if I can't make a discovery for myself,' he said, a little impatiently. 'Let me try if my fingers won't tell me what this sculpture is meant to represent.'"

"He passed his fingers carefully over the basso relievo, (Rosamond watching their slightest movement with silent interest, the while), concluding a little, and said, 'You can't trust your fingers, but you can trust me.'"

"A momentary shade of vexation passed across his face; but it vanished the instant she took his hand again to lead him back to his seat. He drew her to him gently, and kissed her cheek. 'You are right, Rosamond,' he said. 'The one faithful friend to me in my blindness who never fails, is my wife.'"

"Saying this, Rosamond's little saddened, and feeling as if the quick intuition of a woman's affection, that he was thinking of the days when he had enjoyed the blessing of sight, Rosamond returned abruptly, as soon as she saw him seated once more on the sofa, to the subject of the Myrtle Room."

"Where shall I look next dear?" she said. "The bookcase we have examined. The writing-table must be examined. What else is there, that is a cupboard or a drawer in it?"

"She looked round her in perplexity; then walked slowly towards the part of the room to which she had been led, and drew out the part which she had been led to examine."

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it be fancy when I feel—" She stopped abruptly, and, returning hastily to the table, placed the picture on it, face downwards. As she did so, the morsel of folded paper which she had removed from the book of the frame caught her eye.

"There may be some account of the picture in this," she said, and stretched out her hand to it.

"It was getting on towards noon. The heat weighed heavily on the air, and the stillness of all things was more intense than ever, as she took up the paper from the table, and opened it."

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